

# The Musical World.

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## NOTICE.

BOOSEY AND SONS beg to announce that they have removed their Concertina and Military Instrument departments to new premises, at No. 24, Holles-street. The Music Publishing and Library business will be continued at No. 28.—*February 23rd.*

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.**—Conductor, Mr. Costa. On Friday next, February 29th, for the third time in London, "ELI" an oratorio, composed by Mr. Costa. Vocalists—Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Weiss, with Orchestra of nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. now on issue. The subscription to the Society is One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum. For tickets or subscriptions apply at the Society's Office, No. 6, Room within Exeter Hall. Post-Office Orders for Tickets to be made payable at the Charing Cross Office, to Robert Bowley.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover-square.** Rooms.—Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—April 2 and 23, May 14, June 4 and 25. Subscriptions for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s.; unreserved seats, the number of which is limited, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; and of Messrs. Keith and Co.'s, Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

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**MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.**—EXETER-HALL.—The NIGHTINGALE FUND.—It is respectfully announced that MR. and MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT will give an EVENING CONCERT OF SACRED and MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC, with full Band and Chorus, at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 11, 1856, the proceeds of which will be presented to the Nightingale Fund. On this occasion the seats throughout the hall will be numbered and reserved, price one guinea each. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, O. Bond-street. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application; and tickets will be ready for delivery on and after Monday, March 3.—Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

**MR. AND MRS. PAGET (R.A.M.),** Bass and Contralto' sing in Bath on Saturday morning, March 22nd, and will be happy to accept engagements in that neighbourhood, or elsewhere, during Easter week. "Mrs. Paget possesses a delicious contralto, pure and rich."—*Liverpool Courier*. "The lady possesses a magnificent voice."—*Birmingham Journal*. "A fresh and beautiful contralto."—*Leamington Royal Spa Courier*. For terms, etc., address, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

**REUNION DES ARTS, 76, Harley Street.**—The Members of this Society are respectfully informed that the Season 1856 will commence in March. Prospectuses, etc., will be ready next week at the principal music-sellers. C. GOFFRIE, Manager.

**MISS HUGHES (R.A.M., Mezzo Soprano),** who has just returned to town from a very successful tour in the North of England with Mr. Ellis Roberts, Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, will be happy to receive engagements for Oratorios or Concerts.—Address, 69, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

**MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN,** Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

**MISS BESSIE DALTON,** Vocalist (soprano). Communications to be addressed to her residence, 60, Princes-street, Leicester-square.

**EXETER HALL.**—Mr. George Case has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Monday, March 17th.

**MR. LAMBERT** (of York Cathedral) Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 51, Union-terrace, York.

**A WELL-EDUCATED YOUTH,** aged 18, is desirous of obtaining an engagement in a music warehouse, or as amanuensis or secretary to a composer, or literary or private gentleman. Understands music and book-keeping, and would not object to travel. Address, "Spec," Messrs. Addison & Co., 210, Regent-street.

**MR. H. C. COOPER** (Violinist) will, with his Pupil, Miss MILNER (Vocalist), who has created so great a sensation throughout the Provinces during the last few months, return to town for the season, on the 23rd of February. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

**PRIZE GLEE.**—The Ashton-under-Lyne Gentlemen Glee Club offer a prize of Ten Guineas for the best (original) cheerful Glee for four male voices. The Glee (accompanied with name of Glee and composer in a sealed envelope) to be forwarded on or before the 25th of March, 1856, to the Honorary Secretaries, Commercial Hotel, Ashton-under-Lyne. The Copyright of the successful Glee to belong to the Club.

JAS. TOWNSEND,  
HENRY LEES, Jun., } Hon. Secretaries.

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## DEATH OF JOHN BRAHAM.

THE renowned father of English song died full of years and honors on Sunday morning last, at his residence near Hyde Park Gardens. His death was preceded by no very serious illness. It was, therefore, almost sudden. We cannot allow the occasion to pass over without giving some account of one whose whole life was devoted to his profession, and who exercised so powerful an influence on that branch of the art in which he excelled. For a longer and more detailed notice of the life of John Braham, however, we refer our readers to Nos. 30 and 31 of the *Musical World* of 1854.

John Braham was born in London in 1774, or, according to other accounts, 1777. The former date is, we think, correct, so that he was in his eighty-third year when he died. He received the first rudiments of his musical education when seven years old, from Leoni, a professor of note; and at the age of ten made his first appearance on the stage, at the Royalty Theatre, as Cupid, in *The Birthday*. His first public display as a singer was in the air, "Gentle God," composed by Dr. Carter, the author of, "Oh! Nannie, wilt thou gang with me."

When Leoni left England in 1785, Braham prosecuted his studies with a Mr. Davis. In a short time he was enabled to take pupils, and, though so very young, soon established himself as a master. In the latter end of 1789, his voice broke, and he turned his attention to the pianoforte, in which he became a tolerable proficient under Dussek and other teachers. Soon recovering his voice, however, he accepted an engagement in Bath, where he met the well-known singer and professor, Rauzzini, from whom he took many lessons. The fame of Braham was not long in reaching London, and Stephen Storace, the composer, went expressly to Bath to hear him, and at once engaged him for Drury Lane, where he appeared at the end of 1796. His success was so great that he was secured for the following year at the King's Theatre, and sang in Italian Opera with Madame Banti and Signor Viganoni in *Zemira ed Azor*.

Shortly afterwards Braham visited Paris, and remained there eight months. He gave several concerts, and was patronised by Madame Josephine, the wife of Napoleon. Although offered an engagement at the Italiens he declined accepting it, and proceeded to Italy with the intention of completing his vocal studies. In Italy he studied for some time under the best masters, and made steady progress in his art. He appeared for the first time in an Italian theatre, the Pergola, Florence, in an opera called *The Return of Ulysses*, and created a powerful sensation. From Florence he went to Milan, where he sang with the famous Mrs. Billington. Thence he proceeded to Genoa, where he performed in *Lodoiska*, for thirty consecutive nights, with Marchesi, a male *soprano* of celebrity. At Leghorn, Braham made the acquaintance of Lord Nelson, with whom he afterwards became a special favourite. From Leghorn he repaired to Venice, when Cimarosa began a new opera expressly for him, entitled *Artemisia*, which he did not live to finish.

On his return to England, Braham accepted an engagement at Covent-Garden, and made his first appearance in the *Chains of the Heart*. From that time his name as a great singer may be dated, and his influence as an artist on his contemporaries began to be exhibited. He was acknowledged as one of the most gifted tenors of the day, and became the idol of the public.

It is not necessary in this brief sketch to follow Braham's career from youth upwards. Enough to say, that from 1806 to 1816 he was engaged almost every year as *primo tenore* at the Italian Opera, and eagerly sought for by the managers of all the theatres

in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He was the original Sesto when Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre; and Weber composed the part of Sir Huon, in *Oberon*, expressly for him.

In 1835, Braham opened the St. James's Theatre for English opera; the building of this house cost him £30,000. The speculation was unfortunate, and in a few years he lost the savings of more than a quarter of a century. The same year he purchased the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, and opened it with miscellaneous entertainments. This undertaking proved equally ruinous. From a wealthy man, Braham became almost penniless, and was obliged to sell off both his establishments. For several years he appeared occasionally at the two patent theatres, and sang with undiminished powers in Händel's Oratorios at Exeter Hall, and elsewhere. His last appearance in public was at the London Wednesday Concerts, in March, 1852.

We must conclude this sketch with a passage from the memoir in *The Musical World* above alluded to, where the writer speaks of Braham's influence on his own times.

"So great an artist as Braham could hardly have been before the public for more than half a century without producing the most decided influence on his time, and, consequently, all those singers who have aimed at excellence in the declamatory style, have taken him for their model. But, however correct and safe an example Braham offered in his own person, it was by no means an easy task to follow him. The power and largeness of his voice, which rendered his delivery so grand and emphatic, could not be imitated; and without these qualities the singer is precluded from attaining the highest excellence in lyric declamation. Art may effect much to supply the deficiency of voice, but its want must be always felt, in lyric elocution. Braham produced a host of servile imitators, many of whom only caricatured his style and manner, but could not catch his beauties or his graces. There existed for many years a Braham mania among the tenor singers in England. Those who had strong voices bellowed at the top of their lungs, and imagined that this constituted them rivals of their great archetype in energy and power. Those, on the other hand, with weak voices, copied his expression and feeling, and fancied by so close an imitation that they had made amends for their want of power. Still the model being good, imitation could hardly have failed to originate some beneficial consequences. Braham's fine elocution, his clear and distinct enunciation, his method of producing the notes, the blending the chest with the falsetto voice—one of his most striking merits—his correct judgment, and refined and classic taste, could not be entirely thrown away for so long a period upon the mass of vocalists; and there is no doubt that at the present time his influence prevails largely wherever oratorios and sacred works are performed."

Braham was married in 1816 to Miss Bolton, of Ardwick, near Manchester. He was a widower for many years, and left six children—two daughters and four sons. Of the sons three are in the profession—Charles, Augustus, and Hamilton.

**PAVILION THEATRE.**—A subscription has been opened on behalf of those who have been thrown out of employment by the burning of this theatre. Amongst the list of subscribers are included the names of Albert Smith, &c., &c. Mr. E. T. Smith has promised to give the committee twenty pound's worth of tickets for Drury Lane Theatre, to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers. Professor Anderson, of Covent Garden, on the other hand, has forwarded a cheque for twenty pounds. The lessees of the Victoria, Standard, and City of London Theatres have promised a free benefit at each of their houses.

**COLOGNE.**—It is reported that the Männergesangverein intend shortly giving another series of concerts in London, for the purpose of enabling Mr. Mitchell to recover the losses incurred by their visit to Paris.

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 100.)

A SITUATION proceeding from this basis, and growing up to this height, forms of itself a plainly separate member of the drama, which, in purport and form, consists of a chain of organic members which must mutually presuppose, complete, and support each other like the organic members of the human body, which is a perfect and living one, when it consists of the members which compose it by mutually presupposing and completing each other—when there are none wanting, but, at the same time, when there are none too many.

The drama, however, is a body that is always new, fashioning itself anew, and which has in common with the human body only the one circumstance of its being alive and presupposing its life out of an inward necessity of life. This necessity of life of the drama is, however, varied, for it is not fashioned out of a subject that always remains similar, but takes this subject from the endlessly manifold phenomena of an immeasurably multifariously compounded life of different beings in different circumstances, which again have only one thing in common, namely, that—they are precisely human beings and human circumstances. The individuality of human beings and circumstances, which is never the same, obtains, by mutual contact, a physiognomy always new, and which furnishes the poetical intention with ever new necessities for its realization. Out of these necessities has the drama, corresponding to the above changing individuality, to fashion always differently and anew; and nothing, consequently, afforded stronger proof of the incapability of past and present periods of art for the fashioning of the true drama, than that poet and musician, from the very beginning, sought after, and laid down forms, which should so far first render the drama possible for them, as they might have some subject or other to pour into these forms and dramatize. No form, however, was more harassing and unsuitable for rendering possible the true drama, than the operatic form, with its everlasting pattern of vocal forms, completely foreign to the drama; however much our operatic composers toiled and laboured to extend and vary them, the unproductive, disconnected patch-work—as we have already seen in the proper place—could only be broken up into a mass of perfect dirt and rubbish.

Let us now, on the other hand, present summarily to ourselves the form of the drama intended by us, in order, with all well-defined and necessary change, ever fashioning afresh, to recognise it as one, in its nature, perfect, nay, as the only one and indivisible form. Let us, however, see what gives it this oneness and indivisibility.

The one and indivisible artistic form is imaginable only as manifestation of an indivisible purport; but we recognise the one and indivisible purport only by its being communicated in an artistic expression by means of which it is able to be manifested completely to the feelings. A purport which would presuppose a double expression, that is to say, an expression through which the person communicating would have to appeal in turn to the understanding and to the feelings, could also only be a disunited and disconnected one. Every artistic intention struggles originally for one and indivisible shape, for only in proportion as it approaches the latter does a manifestation generally become artistic; but its necessary division occurs precisely at the point where the expression at its disposal is no longer capable of completely communicating the intention. As it is the involuntary will of every artistic intention to communicate itself to the understanding, the dividing expression can be only such a one as is not capable of fully exciting the feelings; but an expression, that is to communicate completely its purport, must completely excite the feelings. For the mere poet of verbal language, this complete excitement of the feelings by means of his organ of expression was impossible, and what, consequently, he was unable thus to communicate to the feelings, he was compelled, for the purpose of completely expressing the purport of his intention, to manifest to the understanding; he was obliged to leave the latter to think that which he could not make the

feelings experience, and he could, finally, at the point of settlement, pronounce his tendency only as a sentence, that is to say as a naked, unrealized sensation, by which course he was of necessity compelled to degrade the purport of his intention itself to an unartistic one. But if the work of the mere poet of verbal language appears as an unrealized poetic intention, the work of the absolute musician, on the other hand, must be described as one utterly devoid of the poetic intention, since, though the feelings might indeed be completely excited by the purely musical expression, they could not be determined by it. The poet, on account of the insufficiency of the expression, was obliged to split the purport into one of the feelings and one of the understanding, and thus to leave the excited feelings in a restless, unsatisfied state, while he plunged the understanding into a train of reflection, that could not be satisfied, on this restless state of the feelings. The musician was no less active in compelling the understanding to seek a purport for the expression that so completely excited the feelings, without pacifying them, precisely in their greatest state of excitement. The poet gave this purport as a sentence, and the musician—for the purpose of pretexting an intention which really did not exist—as the title of the composition. Both had finally to appeal out of the feelings to the understanding; the poet, in order to determine feelings completely excited, and the musician, for the purpose of excusing himself for feelings excited without an object.

If, therefore, we wish to describe precisely the expression, which as oneful itself should render possible a purport likewise oneful, we define it as one capable of communicating in the most suitable manner to the feelings a most comprehensive intention of the poetic understanding. Such an expression is one which in every one of its points contains the poetic intention, but in every one also conceals it from the feelings, that is—realises it. Even for the verbal language of tone, this complete concealment of the poetic intention would not be possible, if a second, co-sounding organ of tone-language were not added to it, which, in every instance that the verbal language of tone, as the most immediate concealer of the poetic intention, must necessarily sink to such a depth in its expression, that, for the sake of the indissoluble connection of this intention with the tone of common life, it can only just cover it with an almost transparent tone-veil, is capable of maintaining the equilibrium of the oneful expression of feeling.

The orchestra, as we have seen, is this organ of speech, at all times completing the oneness and indivisibility of the expression, and which, where the expression of the language of verbal tone of the dramatic personages sinks, as organ of the understanding, for the clearer determination of the dramatic situation, to the exhibition of its most recognisable affinity with the expression of common-life, through its capability of the musical manifestation of the recollection or presentiment, so compensates for the lowered expression of the dramatic personage, that the excited feelings continually remain in their elevated mood, and never have, by similarly sinking, to change into an activity of the pure understanding. The equal height of the feelings, from which they have never to sink, but merely to rise still more, is determined by the equal elevation of the expression, and, through the expression, the equality, that is to say, the oneness and indivisibility of the purport.

We must, however, carefully observe that the compensating points of expression of the orchestra are never to be determined out of the arbitrary will of the musician, as a mere addition of sound, but out of the intention of the poet alone. If these points utter anything unconnected with the situation of the dramatic personages, and superfluous for them, the oneness and indivisibility of the expression is disturbed by a departure from the purport. The simple, absolutely musical decoration of lowered or preparatory situations, patronised in opera for the self-glorification of music in so-called "Ritornelles," as well as for the accompaniment of vocal pieces, completely suspends the oneness and indivisibility of the expression, and throws the interest of the sense of hearing upon the manifestation of the music—no longer as expression, but, to a certain extent, as the thing itself expressed. The above moments, too, must only be presupposed by the poetic intention, and that, too, in such a way that, as presentiment or recollection, they



shall only direct our feelings exclusively to the dramatic personages, and what is connected with or proceeds from them. We must not be aware of these presageful or reminding melodic points otherwise than as appearing to us as a completion experienced by us of the manifestation of the personage, who either will not or cannot yet utter before our eyes his full sensation.

These melodic points, of themselves calculated to maintain the feelings always at the same height, become for us, by means of the orchestra, to a certain extent, the guides of the feelings through the whole long-spun-out structure of the drama. By them we are always cognizant of the profoundest secret of the poetic intention, and immediate participators in its realization. Between them, as presentiment and recollection, stands the verse-melody as borne and bearing individuality, as presupposed out of a surrounding circle of feelings, consisting of the points of the manifestation, both of peculiar excitements of the feelings and of strange ones woven in, as well as of those already experienced and those still to be so. The points of a significant completion of the expression of feeling fall into the background, as soon as the acting individual, perfectly agreeing with himself, steps forward to the fullest expression of the verse-melody: the orchestra then bears this only according to its greatest power of explanation, in order, when the coloured expression of the verse-melody sinks down again to the merely tonal verbal phrase, to complete afresh, by presageful recollection, the general expression of feeling, and to presuppose necessary transitions of the sensation out of our own interest which is always kept alive.

These melodic points, in which we remember the presentiment, while they render for us the recollection a presentiment, will necessarily spring only from the most important motives of the drama, and the most important ones among them will, moreover, correspond in numbers with the motives which the poet has destined, as the compressed, strengthened fundamental motives of the action, compressed and strengthened in precisely the same way, to be the pillars of his dramatic structure, which, on principle, he does not employ in confusing multiplicity, but in a lesser number, to be plastically arranged, and necessarily presupposed for an easy and comprehensive view. In these fundamental motives, which are precisely not sentences, but plastic points of feeling, the intention of the poet, as one realized by the reception of the feelings, becomes most intelligible; and the musician, as the realizer of the poet, has, therefore, lightly so to arrange these motives condensed into melodic points, in the most perfect accordance with the poetic intention, that, in their well-determined and mutual repetition, the highest one and indivisible musical form shall, quite spontaneously, spring up for him—a form such as the musician hitherto arbitrarily put together, and which can first be fashioned to a necessary, indivisible—that is intelligible—one, out of the poetic intention.

(To be continued.)

### EXCHEQUER CHAMBER.

CROFT v. LUMLEY.

THE Baron Alderson delivered the judgment of the Court in this case. The Court of Error were of opinion that the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench ought to be affirmed. There were two questions—whether there had been a forfeiture of the lease of the Opera House; and secondly, if there had been a forfeiture, whether there had been a waiver of it by the acceptance of rent. The Court were of opinion that the three grounds set out as breaches of the covenant acted as a forfeiture; but the Queen's Bench had considered that the warrant of attorney, which had been given by the defendant, amounted to a forfeiture, though afterwards waived. This Court did not, however, consider that the executing warrant of attorney under the circumstances were encumbering the property so as to warrant a forfeiture; they were given under compulsion, and were not voluntary, being given only to save expense and gain time. Therefore the judgment for the defendant Lumley must be affirmed.

Judgment below affirmed.

### PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—The opera continues to prove successful, particularly on those nights when the *Prophète* is performed. Last Thursday *Il Barbiere* was given for the first time with decided success, owing chiefly to the Almaziva of Herr Reichardt. Mad. Fodor had hardly the *physique* for Rosina, but she sings the music very fairly, taking, however, great liberties with the text. The Figaro of Signor Monari was too stiff, and he is not capable of executing the music properly. M. Zelger was very amusing as Dr. Bartolo, taking Lablache as a model, although inclined at times to be somewhat practical in his jokes. Herr Reichardt's Almaziva was throughout graceful and gentlemanly. In the drunken scene there was nothing to wound the most fastidious taste, the singer never once forgetting he was the Count Almaziva. We were quite surprised at the ease with which he identified himself with the part, and could hardly believe that this was the same artist who two nights previously charmed us by his conception of the Prophet. Herr Reichardt's singing throughout was excellent, particularly in "Ecco ridente." In the second act, he introduced (after the questionable fashion in Germany) a *Lied*, which was encored. Every one is disappointed that Mad. Caradori and Formes are not with us this season. *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Der Freischütz*, etc., might then have been performed.

On dit, that Mr. Black, the manager of the new Queen's Theatre and Operahouse, intends giving a short operatic season. The theatre is one of the most elegant in the provinces.

LIVERPOOL.—*Macbeth* has been produced at the Theatre Royal with great completeness in the scenic and accessory department. Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mrs. Vickery sustain the principal parts. Mr. Augustus Braham and Mr. Hamilton Braham appeared on Saturday last at the Saturday Evening Concerts in this town, and had announced a series of concerts at the Concert-hall. The death of their father occurred on Sunday, and although a special despatch was forwarded from London, it did not reach them till Tuesday morning; and, though the morning editions of the local papers of Monday contained an announcement of the death of the father, the sons remained ignorant of it until the end of the concert on Monday evening.

TORQUAY.—The Amateur Concert in aid of the funds of the Torquay Infirmary came off on the evening of the 5th, at the Royal Hotel Assembly Rooms. There was a large assemblage, and the receipts amounted to nearly £170—a sum exceeding the deficiency of last year, and which will enable the committee to conduct the Institution without curtailing the relief afforded to the poor. The amateurs assisting were, the Lady Sophia Wyndham, Madame La Comtesse de Vogué, Miss H. Johnson Danyell, Miss Short, Lord Graves, and C. Massingberd, Esq. The programme comprised solos and concerted pieces from popular operas, and trios by Signor Campana, to whose assistance, as director and conductor, the amateurs were greatly indebted. Mr. Rockstro played some pieces on the pianoforte.

ASHTON.—A ladies' concert was given in the Town Hall by the Gentlemen's Glee Club, on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. The vocalists were Miss Heywood, of Manchester; Miss Thorley, Miss Heywood, Miss R. Heywood, with Messrs. Edmondson, Brierley, T. Newton, Wilkinson, Andrew, Smith, J. Newton, and Heap.

LEICESTER.—The Messrs. Nicholson gave their annual concert on the evening of the 12th. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Mdle. Rudersdorf, Miss Poole, Miss Manning, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Messrs. H. and A. Nicholson performed on the flute and oboe. Miss Manning, Mr. H. Farmer, of Nottingham, and Mr. F. Bodda, accompanied the vocal music. More than half the pieces were encored.

HALIFAX.—On the evening of the 13th inst. the members of the Second West York Yeomanry Cavalry band gave their annual concert in the Old-fellows' Hall. Mr. G. S. Calvert played a solo on the cornet-à-pistons, and Mr. Sutcliffe Greenwood a solo on the obficleide. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Henry Phillips.

STOURBRIDGE.—Dr. Marks has been giving concerts at the Town Hall with his juvenile band.

**HYDE.**—A concert was given by the "Operatives" on the evening of the 14th, for the benefit of Miss Helen Williams, formerly a member of the choir, but who was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, London, whence she has recently returned. The orchestra played the overtures to the *Nozze di Figaro* and *Guillaume Tell*. The chorus sang Bishop's "Daughter of Error." Miss Helen Williams was encored in "The mountaineer," by Auber, and in a Scotch ballad, "Welcome my bonnie lad." Mr. Perring was the other vocalist. Mr. W. D. Banks presided at the pianoforte and also played solos.

**BARNESLEY.**—On the evening of the 11th inst. the Silkstone Church Choir gave their first concert in the National School-room. The performers were Miss Marshall, Messrs. Teasdale, Ford, Bottom, Bailey, and Balm. Mr. Outram presided at the pianoforte. There were several encores during the evening. The vicar, the Rev. J. L. Walton, at the close of the entertainment, addressed the audience.

**MANCHESTER.**—On the evening of the 14th instant the members of the late choir at Hope Chapel, Salford, assembled in the Great George-street lecture-room, presented Samuel H. Turner, their leader, with a case containing copies of the *Messiah* and *Creation*, as a mark of esteem for his services during two years. Kent's Anthems and selections from *Messiah* were given.

**HUDDESFIELD.**—The third quarterly concert of the Choral Society was given on Friday the 18th instant, in the Philosophical Hall, when a selection from the *Messiah* was performed. Mrs. Sunderland was among the solo singers. The audience was numerous.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The third performance of Mr. Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, takes place at Exeter Hall on Friday evening next. Arrangements have already been made for its production at Dublin, Liverpool, Bradford, Bristol, and other provincial towns.

**MANCHESTER.**—(From our own Correspondent).—The seventh concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society took place on Thursday evening, the 14th. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Grand Trio Concertante (MS.) (in F, op. 52), Molique; Sonata—pianoforte and violoncello (in D, op. 58), Mendelssohn.

Part II.—Trio (in C minor, op. 1, No. 3), Beethoven; Solo—violin (MS.), "Saltarello," Molique; Solo—pianoforte, selections from preludes and studies, Chopin.

This concert was one of the most successful of the series. By desire of several subscribers—and out of compliment to the composer—Molique's *Trio Concertante* (composed and dedicated to this society—and originally produced at the fourth concert) was repeated. It was only fair that so elaborate a composition should be heard a second time. Its performance was more satisfactory, and the audience more pleased on becoming better acquainted with it. Mendelssohn's *duo sonata* was finely played by M. Hallé and Sig. Piatti. The *adagio* was rapturously encored—a very unusual compliment at these performances. Beethoven's *trio* was a treat of another kind. Herr Molique gave a good example of *pure fiddling* in his own *Saltarello*—which was loudly applauded. The selections from Chopin were marvellously played by M. Hallé. The room was crowded.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Madame Goldschmidt has given two concerts at the Town Hall. On Wednesday evening the *Creation* was performed, with Mr. Swift and Mr. Weiss in the male personages. On Thursday evening there was a miscellaneous concert, when Madame Goldschmidt sang several of her favourite songs, among which were "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" (*Freyschütz*); "Squallida veste e bruna" (*Il Turco in Italia*); "Non Paventar" (*Flauto Magico*); Meyerbeer's trio from the *Camp of Silesia*, for voice and two flutes (Messrs. Pratten and Rémusat), and "John Anderson my Jo." Mr. Goldschmidt played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and a "transcription" by Liszt. Mr. Swift sang the *aria* from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," and Rossini's chamber duet, "I Marinari," with Mr. Weiss. Mr. Blagrove and Signor Piatti played solos on the violin and violoncello. The chorus sang a part-song by Pearsall, and the madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale" (*Festa*). The band played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. At both concerts there was an immense crowd and great enthusiasm.

## THE MILL HILL CHAPEL ORGAN AT LEEDS.

(From our Correspondent.)

THIS organ contains 26 sounding stops, and six coupling stops; three sets of manuals (or "rows of keys"), and a pedal board of two-and-a-quarter octaves. The swell organ is carried down to CC, and is the first, we believe, of this compass introduced into any new organ in Leeds. Great care has been taken by the builder with the mechanism of the instrument, which is executed in a very creditable manner. Of the tone and musical finish of the organ, we can, in some respects, speak highly,—in others, we are obliged to qualify our praise. Much of the lighter work, such as the stopped diapasons, gemshorn, flute, and a *portion* of the reeds, are well finished, and reflect credit on Mr. Holt's ability for this kind of work. The whole effect of the organ, however, is *weak*, in comparison with the number of the stops. The diapasons, especially, are thin in tone, whilst the mixtures and great organ reeds are deficient in that decision and body of tone which characterize the work of the leading metropolitan builders. The pedal 16-foot reed is good in the lower part, and speaks freely; but in the upper notes, there is a lack of both power and sweetness of tone. The bourdon speaks the *fifth* too strongly, and is too indefinite in its tone, though the open pedal diapason is successful.

Whilst, therefore, the organ contains much that is well executed, there are points, such as we have specified, which indicate rather a falling off from Mr. Holt's previous efforts than an advance.

The performances on the evening when the organ was inaugurated were provided by the committee on a most liberal scale, and were, on the whole, successful. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbould, Mr. Wilson (of York), tenor, and Mr. Hinchliffe, basso. There was a chorus of about thirty, selected from the different choirs in the town, and Mr. Holt, who has been lately elected organist of the chapel, presided at his instrument. The first part was confined to selections from *Elijah*; the second was miscellaneous. Mrs. Sunderland sang, "Hear ye, Israel," and other pieces, with more than her usual energy. Miss Newbould created a favourable impression by her execution of "O rest in the Lord." Mr. Wilson was not so successful, being out of tune with "In native worth." Mr. Hinchliffe sang "Now heaven in fullest glory," extremely well. Mr. Holt performed several pieces on the organ, which, as an *amateur*, entitle him to much praise. The whole performance afforded satisfaction to the congregation which crowded the chapel in every part.

**THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.**—The 115th anniversary meeting of this society took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday evening, Sir George Clerk, president of the society. A great number of musicians and amateurs attended. Among the latter was Maharajah Duleep Sing, well-known for his proficiency on the violoncello. During the evening, a selection of glees and madrigals was sung. The most in favour were "Sweetheart, arise" (Weelkes), "Come fuggir" (Marenzio), "Die not, fond man" (Ward), "Bonny Boots" (Morley), and "Down in a flow'ry Vale" (*Festa*). Mr. C. Potter was the conductor.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—We are informed by the *Athenæum*, that Mad. Clara Schumann (late Clara Wieck) will play a pianoforte concerto at the first Philharmonic concert, and that Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt will appear in the course of the season.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.**—We are given to understand, that Mr. Benedict and Dr. Wylde are to be joint conductors of the forthcoming concerts.

**BRIGHTON.**—Mr. and Mrs. Clare gave an entertainment at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., entitled "Moore and his Melodies." Mr. Clare gave a history of the birth, parentage, and education of Moore, and the musical illustrations comprised some of the most familiar songs of the poet. The hall was filled by the members and friends of the Brighton Athenæum.—A performance of sacred music was given on Monday by the "Pavilion Band," assisted by Mad. Amadei as vocalist.

## FOREIGN.

PARIS.—As was generally expected, *Don Giovanni*, at the Italiens, did not prove a hit. The Donna Anna of Mad. Frezzolini (though better than all the rest) wanted power. Mad. Borghi-Mamo, the *contralto*, was too heavy for the music of Zerlina; Signor Carrion had not time to study the part of Ottavio, which was resigned in his favour by Signor Mario (a nice first tenor, truly, not to know such music by heart!); and Signor, or rather M. Everardi, who attempted to personate the libertine, was deficient in everything but voice. Signor Zucchini appears to have made a creditable Leporello. The opera was repeated three times, but did not attract. Signor Bottesini's new opera, *L'assedio di Firenze*, will most probably be given this week, with Mad. Penco, Signors Mario, Graziani, and Angelini in the cast. The representations of Mad. Ristori commence in the first week of March, under the direction of M. Bellotti-Bon. Her *répertoire* is to comprise *Ottavia*, *Rosmunda*, *Mirra*, by Alfieri, *Pia di Tolomei*, by Marengo, *Maria Stuarda*, by Schiller, *Medea*, by M. Legouvé (translated), *La Donna Bizarra*, by Goldoni, and some of the best comedies of the Italian theatre.—*Robert le Diable* is in rehearsal at the Grand-Opéra, for M. Armandi, the tenor, who will make his *début* in the character of Robert. This tenor is already known to London. The new ballet, *Le Corsaire*, still draws money. According to the *France Musicale* each of the three last receipts realized 10,000 francs—a fact, we are told, unexampled in the history of ballet at the Grand-Opéra. If we are to believe all we read, the band and chorus at this theatre must be worked like galley slaves. Beside the active preparation going on for bringing out *Robert le Diable*, the following operas are said to be in rehearsal:—*La Reine de Chypre*, *Maître Chanteur*, *Guillaume Tell*, and M. Billellet's new work. How would they manage here with the very independent gentlemen and ladies of the Royal Italian Opera Company, with Mr. Costa as conductor? The first representation at the Opéra Comique of Auber's new opera, *Manon Lescaut*, announced for Saturday last, was postponed for a few days in consequence of the indisposition of the tenor, M. Puget, to whom the part of Des Grieux was assigned.—At the Bouffes Parisiennes—that most fortunate of minor theatres—a complete success has been achieved by the new piece of MM. Jules Adenis and Offenbach, *Un Postillon en Gage*.

BERLIN.—At the last *Sinfonie-Soirée*, a new symphony by Herr Radeke was performed for the first time. The other full pieces were Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* and symphony in F (No. 8), and Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach, also produced a novelty at their last *soirée*, in the shape of a quartet, by Mdle. Emilie Mayer, which was favourably received.

At the Royal Opera-house, the operas for the last week were *Tancredi* and the *Prophète*. The king has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class, on Herr Franz Commer, *Musik-Director*.

MUNICH.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was produced for the first time, on the 2nd instant, with great success. The King and Queen were present.

GOtha.—M. Hector Berlioz gave a concert on the 6th instant, in the theatre, on which occasion his *Enfance du Christ* was performed. Dr. Liszt was present.

VIENNA.—Flotow's new three-act opera, *Albin*, the book by Mosenthal, was produced for the first time, at the Imperial Opera-house, on the 12th instant. The house was crammed to suffocation in every part. The Emperor and Empress, the Grand-Duke Franz Carl, and the Grand-Duchesses Elizabeth and Marie, together with several other members of the Imperial family, "assisted" at the representation. The success was moderate. It is true that, after the first act, which pleased the most, the composer was called on two or three times, but not at all unanimously, while, after the second act, an attempt made by a small number of the audience to bring him on again, was suppressed by unmistakable marks of disapprobation from the majority.

The first Philharmonic concert, this year, took place in the Grand Redouten-Saal, on the 10th instant, under the direction of Herr Carl Eckert. It opened with Robert Schumann's over-

ture to *Manfred*, which was new to the Viennese. Mad. Clara Schumann performed Beethoven's concerto in E flat, with the greatest success. The other important pieces were a duet for two tenors, from Gluck's *Iphigenia*; one for two sopranos from Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*, and Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7). Mad. Schumann has given her sixth and last concert.

The list of artists engaged for the Imperial theatre of Vienna, for the approaching season, comprises the following:—Mesdames Medori, Bendazzi, Lesniewska and Norsa, *sopranos*; MM. Bettini (Jerome), Carrion, Paucani, Bettini (Alexandre), and Sacchero, tenors; MM. De Bassini, Ferri, Everardi and Morrelli, bary-tones; and MM. Angelini, Echeverria and Ruitz, basses.

NAPLES.—At Naples there is little doing in the way of novelty. Mad. Medori's benefit took place last week at the Teatro Massimo; the opera was *Don Pasquale*, and the lady, who is a great favourite, had a very full house. She was repeatedly recalled. At the Teatro Nuovo, *La Ernelinda* obtained very small success as regards the music, but the singers seem to have done their best. Report speaks rather favourably of Mad. Schiavi and Sig. Testa as having good style, although their voices are indifferent. The Theatre San Carlo opened on the 10th with *Lionello*, Sig. Coletti making his first appearance since his return from Rome. On the 12th, *L'Ebreo* will be produced at the Teatro Massimo, with Mad. Stefani and Signor Colini. On the 18th will be played Sig. Pacini's new opera, *Margherita Pusterla*. Madame Medori leaving on the 5th of March, her place will be filled by Mad. Beltramelli, until the 15th. Sig. Graziani has been engaged by the directors of the Royal Theatre at a salary of 1,800 ducats per month (£300).

MADRID.—Sig. Ronconi has been earning golden opinions in Madrid. Night after night he is enthusiastically applauded in crowded houses. Whether as the father in *Linda*, or as the father in *Nabuco*, he is equally great in the opinions of the public, who cannot invent terms sufficiently glowing to testify their high appreciation of his services as an actor and a singer. *Rigoletto* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced. Mad. Alaimo will make her *début* in *La Favorita*.

AMERICA.—The papers received this week do not contain the average quantity of news. One of the New York papers has a long article on the failure of the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music. The fact only is worth recording. Mr. Paine, the manager, loses a considerable sum. The monthly expenses, it seems, averaged upwards of 25,000 dollars. The season closed with *Don Giovanni*, not one of the artists, excepting Mad. Lagrange in Donna Anna—a (a part, by the way, for which she is physically and mentally unsuited),—escapes the critic's flagellation, Mad. Nantier Didiée coming in for the severest lash of all. The New-York Harmonic Society, stimulated by recent success, had, according to our latest accounts, put Händel's *Judas Maccabeus* into rehearsal, and intended performing it towards the latter end of this month.—The "Singing Sisters" of Boston gave a concert at Stuyvesant Institute on the 24th ult. This vocal family comprises Miss Mary Hall, *soprano*; Miss Nellie Hall, second *soprano*; Miss Libby Hall, "tenor;" and Miss Martha Hall, "bass." (!)—Mr. Theodore Eisfeld's *Soirées* continue. At the last the following pieces were played:—Haydn's quartet, No. 57; Mendelssohn's first trio for piano, and violoncello, op. 49, Mad. Vincent Wallace (late Miss Helen Stoepel) at the piano; Beethoven's quartet, No. 10; and two quartets for male voices, by Mr. Eisfeld.

Boston.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their fifth concert on the 10th ult. This time there was at least a quartet, and by the composer after whom the club is named—the E flat, op. 24. The sixth was given on the 29th. The New-York Italian troupe of the Academy of Music had arrived in Boston, and commenced a series of performances. They opened with *Trovatore*, Signor Brignoli taking the part of Manrico, Mad. Lagrange that of Lenora, and Mad. Nantier Didiée, Azucena. Of the ladies *Dwight's Journal of Music* speaks very highly, more especially of Mad. Nantier Didiée, who appears to have made a decided hit in the Gipsy Mother. The Italian company had also given *Linda di Chamouni*, *Sonnambula*, and *Semiramide*. Rossini's work obtained the greatest favour, mainly, we are told,



through Mad. Nantier Didiée's Arsace. Miss Elise Hensler made a favourable *début* in *Linda*. *Dwight's Journal of Music* is enthusiastic about Mad. Lagrange, who is thus apostrophised for her singing in *Amina* :—

"Such wonders of vocalization, such bird-like ecstasy of trills, *fioriture*, liquid sustained notes, and so forth, in the very highest register, we have never more than once or twice heard."

We prefer Dwight when he writes of the music of *Semiramide* as follows :

"And what sumptuous, voluptuous music it is! What an abounding wealth of melodic invention, at the same time that every character sings in the same strain, as if true to the gorgeous purple and gold monotony of Eastern life!"

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* had been put into rehearsal, and also *Don Giovanni*. It was a pity, as Dwight justly observes, that the Italian company, with so strong a cast, fresh from the performance of *Don Giovanni* in New-York, should have neglected the opportunity of producing it on Mozart's Centenary birth-day. Besides that of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, concerts had been given by the German Trio, the Grand Union, and the Orchestral Societies.

In PHILADELPHIA a grand centennial celebration of Mozart's birth-day was announced to take place on Monday, the 28th ultimo, under the auspices of the Musical Union. All the principal societies in the city, including the Concordia, Mozart, St. Cecilia, Liedertafel, Männerchor, Thalia, Sängerbund, &c., together with a powerful orchestra, headed by L. Meignen, were to assist. During the evening Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., was to deliver an oration on the "Life and Times of Mozart."

Mdlle. Parodi had returned to NEW ORLEANS, and was repeating her former successes.

#### REVIEWS.

No. 1. "MAY MORN," Rondo Caprice. No. 2. "SPRING SONG." No. 3. "AUTUMN SONG." No. 4. "BIANCA," Romance. No. 5. "MADLINE," Romance. No. 6. "TENEREZZA," Romance. No. 7. "PRIMAVERA," Rondoletto. No. 8. "GAIEZZA," Capriccio. No. 9. "ALLEGRO CANTABILE." Composed for the Pianoforte by Walter Macfarren.

There is a family air about these nine short pieces which would stamp them undeniably as coming from the same hand, were that fact not plainly certified in the title pages. They are all clever, thoughtful, and distinguished by a studied avoidance of commonplace. The author is evidently an admirer of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and well versed in that composer's music. But mingled with the Bennett-element we cannot fail to observe certain characteristics belonging to the manner of Mr. G. A. Macfarren (Mr. Walter Macfarren's brother—and originally, we believe, instructor). The combination of these very opposite styles presents a result by no means disagreeable.

On the other hand, while complimenting Mr. Walter Macfarren on the conscientious musicianship displayed in every one of the compositions before us, we are unable to detect in any of them the mark of decided originality. Many of the leading ideas are graceful—as, for instance, "May Morn" (No. 1) and the "Allegro Cantabile" (No. 9), two of the best pieces, and most like Mr. Bennett. Others are pensive, without trenching upon that dangerous "morbidness" which is the curse of so many modern writers, steeped in a peculiar *Germanism* best described as an unhealthy concoction from the dregs of Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. Among these we may cite, as favourable examples, the "Autumn Song" (No. 3), and "Madeline" (No. 5), the first of which is eminently in the manner of Mr. G. A. Macfarren. One of the most attractive of the set is the romance in D major, entitled "Bianca" (No. 4), which is melodious and expressive, besides betraying a feeling for harmony by no means ordinary. The freshest inspiration appears to us traceable in the romance in B flat, called "Tenerrezza" (No. 6), which, besides being well written, is elegant and out of the common way. "Primavera" (No. 7), a *rondoletto* in A, is pretty and flowing; and, but for the resemblance of its first theme to one of Weber's quick movements (the *finale* to the sonata in C), and the somewhat maudlin sentiment of the episode in G minor, "Gaiezza"

(No. 8), would equally call for praise. Nevertheless, after "Tenerrezza," which, as we have hinted, is the freshest—the "Allegro Cantabile," and the romance called "Bianca," are the worthiest of commendation, as the most tuneful, and, at the same time, most highly finished.

The prevalent faults of Mr. Walter Macfarren seem to be a monotony arising from frequent repetitions of themes or fragments of themes (take the "Spring song"—No. 2—for example), and by no means neutralised by changes in the accompaniments, which are sought for rather than not found; a habit of making the bass sing duets with the melody, which in the end becomes tiresome, and too evident a striving after unusual harmonies. Nevertheless, balancing merits and defects, these nine compositions, unpretending as they are (though too pretentious in some respects, perhaps, considering their length and form), are very creditable to the author, and may be fairly classed in the category of good music for the pianoforte.

No. 1.—"LA ROSE ET LE ROSSIGNOL." Idylle. Pour le piano. Dedié à Mrs. Speir.

No. 2.—"ROMANESCA ET CAPRICCIOSA." Souvenir de la Norvège. Pour le piano. Dedicated to Mdlle. Eleanor Crawford. Composées par J. R. Schachner.

No. 1 is a ballad without words, in G, with a profusion of shakes in the same key. The "Romanesca" in No. 2 is a ballad without words, in E, with no shakes in the same key. In the "Capricciosa" of No. 2, Herr Schachner (Op. 26 !), gathering up his reminiscences of Norway, plainly shows that he recollects very little about that frigid country. The feature of this piece is an attempt to imitate snow flakes by means of scale passages on the top notes of the keyboard, to be played with the pedal down. There is not a shadow of an idea in any one of these pieces, although the "Romanesca" suggests the notion that the composer is endeavouring to remember the theme of "Angiol d'Amore," in the *Favorita*, but gives it up in despair.

"LE LAC." Dedicated to Alexandre Batta. By G. Paque.

This is the well-known romance of M. Niedemeyer (composer of the opera of *Marie Stuart*, and conector of Rossini's *Bruce*), arranged by M. Paque, the violoncellist, for pianoforte and violoncello.

No. 1.—"A MIDSUMMER-DAY DREAM." Cavatina. Composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Erasmus Wesley, by R. A. Martin.

No. 2.—"O SING TO ME THE AULD SCOTCH SONGS." Ballad. Words by the Rev. Dr. Bethune: music composed, and dedicated to Miss Scott of Arbroath, by J. F. Leeson.

No. 3.—"WHERE ROSES FAIR." Song. Written by George Linley, composed by His Royal Highness Prince Gustav of Sweden.

There is nothing offensive in No. 1, except its length. No. 2 may be praised both for words and music, since both are excellent imitations of the old Scottish ballad type. No. 3 is without faults and without ideas. Its correctness may be explained by the fact of the composer being a prince and able to pay for a *Kapellmeister*.

#### "JACKSON IN F."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—No doubt you are aware that a medley which goes by the dignified name of "Jackson in F," has been sung in many churches and places of worship for several years. "William Jackson, of Exeter," as he is generally called, died in 1803, and this service (!) was certainly not known before the year 1812, about which period it began to be introduced into the Exeter parish churches, and was sung at the cathedral of that city.

Jackson was succeeded as organist of St. Peter's by his pupil, James Paddon, who many years afterwards published Jackson's Church Music, and with it the "Service" in F.

In 1834, Paddon was on his death bed, and some few weeks before he died, declared that Jackson did not write the "Service" in F.

As it is very desirable to place the saddle on the right animal, perhaps this information will be useful to some of your readers.

I may add, that my information can be well authenticated. Hoping your numerous readers will carefully digest this matter.

Believe me ever to be, yours very truly, OBOE.

## NOTICE.

THE volumes of the *Musical World* for 1854 and 1855 being nearly out of print, orders should be sent immediately to secure the few remaining copies. Price 20s. each.

IN consequence of the many applications we are constantly receiving, to announce the arrival in town of musical professors, and their departure for the provinces or the continent, we beg to state that such favours are *advertisements*, and must be paid for. The tariff of our advertisement columns can be known at the office. It is also requisite to state that the announcement of arrivals, departures, etc., in the body of the journal, among the paragraphs of news, will of necessity entail a considerable extra charge.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.—The letter of "An English Musician"—dated "Birmingham, Feb. 18th," but only received to-day (Friday)—is under consideration.

M. A. (CANTAB.) If "M. A." will enclose his name and address, his letter shall appear.

OBOE.—Will "Oboe" oblige us again with his card? We have mislaid it.

R. ANDREWS (Manchester).—The letter of our correspondent is an advertisement. It is, however, under consideration. The verses can on no account be published otherwise than in the shape of an advertisement. Mr. Andrews might just as well request us to publish the whole of the twelve poems to which he has married Händel's music without Händel's permission.

## DEATHS.

At Vienna, in the 87th year of her age, Mademoiselle Gottlieb, the original representative of the character of Pamina, in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*.

At his residence in Paris, on Monday the 18th instant, the celebrated German poet and satirist, Heinrich Heine.

At his house in Hyde Park Gardens, on Sunday, the 17th, John Braham, the eminent vocalist, in his 83rd year.

On the 19th inst., suddenly, at his residence, 16, Compton-terrace, Islington, Job Hunter, Esq.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1856.

THE chronicles of 1855 recorded the death of a man who had every right to the denomination of Father of English Composers; and now, in 1856, we have the task of announcing the demise of one equally entitled to be called the Father of English Singers. Less than the short space of a twelvemonth has seen the last both of Henry Bishop and John Braham. Each played an important part in the musical history of this country. Each, in his sphere, and compared with surrounding luminaries, was a star of the first magnitude. Our present business, however, is with the last, whose recent and unexpected demise has been the topic of the week.

Braham will be cited henceforth as a singer of preeminent talent in an age which was remarkable for great singers. As a composer, it may be said, without offence, that he is already forgotten. In this last capacity, indeed, he did not shine. His works, ephemeral in the strictest sense, though popular for a time, having served their turn, were deservedly consigned to oblivion. But in his capacity of singer, Braham has as just a title to immortality as any one ever blessed with a voice and a musical instinct.

A writer in *The Times* remarks: "There is scarcely a

person living too old or too young to have heard Braham sing." And yet with what different feelings must the great vocalist have been listened to by those of the present age and those of his own time, who belonged distinctly to another generation! We who knew Braham in these latter days may be justly said to have looked upon the shadow of the past, the ghost of an effete celebrity. But such and so well founded was the reputation of the man, that even when four years since, at the London Wednesday concerts, in Exeter-Hall, he came before the public with a voice that could scarcely boast of one healthy note, the appearance was allowed to pass for the reality; the memory of some made common cause with the faith of others, and ousted the critic from his chair. Here was a veteran of nearly eighty winters, less competent to his task than even a Crimean general, yet willing and eager to obtain the sympathies of scarcely fewer than 2,000 people! He declaimed "The Bay of Biscay" with an energy and good-will which showed the once-vomiting volcano to be not quite extinct, and that many sparks of the ancient fire still remained unquenched. Had he outlived a century Braham would have been the same. His enthusiasm was indomitable. If you warned him that his singing days were over, he would set you down for a fool, an infidel, or at least an impertinent fellow. Those who loved him never hinted anything of the kind in his presence, however (presuming that their love was tempered by respect and a proper consideration for his age) they might secretly make a petition to the dispensing powers that each time he appeared in public might be the last.

Few men have lived longer, and all things weighed in the balance, few have lived happier than Braham. His early youth displayed a rare example of the Hebrew industry and application, attended by the most advantageous results. From the first flush of manhood to the extreme of middle age, just where the unseen bridge conveys us, *pouvres humains* ("unfeathered bipeds," as Voltaire defines us), from ripe maturity to the verge of natural decay, his career was a series of artistic triumphs, accompanied by the highest fame and the most ample pecuniary recompense. He was successful as an artist, and happy in his home. Courtied out of doors, honoured and caressed by his own fireside, wealthy and prosperous—what more could man desire? But, alas!—this was not sufficient. Braham had most probably not seen *Vanity Fair*, and the other works of Mr. Thackeray, or, blessed as he was with no common share of shrewdness and sagacity, he would have read and digested a lesson or two that might have served him. Without the cares, the "travel," and the griefs of kings, Braham was a king—a pastoral king, the king of his own hearthstead, revered, and cherished, and beloved. He wanted *nothing*—positively nothing. He was advanced in years. He was rich, and in the possession of good health. He had a wife and family, "troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age." But still he was dissatisfied. He yearned for more. Though venerable and (metaphorically) grey, he muttered in his heart "Excelsior!"—possibly without knowing much better what "Excelsior" means than the vulgar world at large, or than that dazzling host of young and tempting maidens who hourly make an intellectual feast upon the minor verses of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which spoil their dainty appetites (not for lunch—but) for the conventional dinner. Braham, we say, had all that mortal could dream of to render mortal happy. Yet, like a restless spirit, ever eager to be on the wing, he yearned for some fresh motive to urge him into new and vigorous action. He found it soon—too soon. We live in a



world where decoy-ducks and man-traps are rife, and in an age when there are not half a sufficiency of scare-crows to drive us away from the forbidden fruit. Braham was caught in the snare of *Speculation*—that hideous phantom of the nineteenth century. He joined hands with Speculation; and he speculated with and lost his fortune, the reward of half a century of physical and mental toil.

Over this period of Braham's career it is superfluous to linger. Nor is it requisite to say more than that he pledged and forfeited the whole of his worldly gains in the St. James's Bazaar, the Theatre, and the Colosseum in the Regent's Park. He came forth from these transactions with an empty pocket, but a spotless name; and, preserved from the shame of "following at the funerals of his own reputation," he outlived his misfortunes.

Braham was blessed with a daughter; and in that admirable and respected lady his wrinkles, his grey hairs, his failing strength, and tottering limbs found a help, a refuge, and a mainstay, such as is only found in women, or, to speak more faithfully, in angels—for what else are women, reader?—good women?—what else are they than angels? Ask our incomparable Makepeace, who, accused of viewing society through a distorted medium, with "a late eye and a moony diaphragm," of turning everything sour that he discusses, and of all sorts of selfish and unbelieving (literary and philosophical) misdeameanours, has nevertheless painted us such women, such simple, genuine, and womanly women, as it would be difficult to meet with out of Shakspeare's plays. Braham had also sons—a goodly company of famous fellows, with large hearts and capital voices. These clung round the old tree in its decay, with the closeness, but without the egoism, of parasites, warming and cherishing the *paterfamilias*. His daughter and his sons were "God's gifts" to him; and it must be pleasant for all of us to learn that old Braham, to the end of his days, was as happy as the younger and more vigorous Braham, crowned with laurels, and deafened by the applause of multitudes—nay, if we may be allowed to express our own private opinion, far happier. Thanks to the love and duty which to the last surrounded him, which tended his sick bed, and ministered comfort and consolation, at a time when life was ebbing quick, and the spirit about to fly from the once stalwart frame that had so long confined it, to a purer and a loftier abode! We conscientiously believe that, during the progress of an unusually protracted life, Braham scarcely experienced one pang to embitter it. He died as he had lived, in undisturbed serenity. Rest his ashes! Like all of us, he had his faults—his pride, his little vanities, and what-not; but over these the grave has spread a veil, which ever to raise again would be indecorous. The remembrance of Braham must long endure in the sphere which his talents most adorned; while, apart from that, his name will be respected as that of one who did his duty to his fellows, owed no man a grudge, and could not count an enemy.

THE new directorate of the Old Philharmonic Society is giving signs of vigour. Its vigour, however, if we may credit reports, seems to be exercised to the detriment rather than for the benefit of the institution. The first step of importance was an egregious blunder. If the Philharmonic Society cannot afford eight performances in the season it cannot afford any. The reduction in the number of concerts was, therefore, to no purpose. It would have been better for members to balance accounts and disperse.

Unless the directors have "a bone to pick" with professional subscribers (whom they conciliated some years ago by the issue of privileged tickets at half the regular price of subscription) we are puzzled to guess what could possibly have induced the resolution of which we complain. Instead of being too many, eight concerts are too few. And now we are only to have six! Next year, perhaps, it will be four; the year after two; and in 1859 we may have to write—who knows!—the epitaph of the Philharmonic Society—

*Hic jacet.—Requiescat in pace!*

This would be a pity, after so long and flourishing a reign. And yet the policy of the actual directorate is nothing short of suicidal.

Will our readers believe that, through a silly and unnecessary measure, the orchestra has just lost its two *chefs d'attaque*—in other words its two best and most experienced violins? It is unhappily a fact. M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove have both resigned. The cause of their resignation may be stated in a few words. The old leaven of twaddle which used to be the upsetting principle of the Society of British Musicians, appears to be now in excellent odour at the Philharmonic. The twaddle about "native talent," and that sort of thing, is all the rage—as if our musicians were no better than a parcel of frozen-out gardeners. And this, bearing in mind the names and antecedents of certain directors, becomes all the more ridiculous from its inconsistency—to say nothing of its *insincerity*. When Messieurs ——— and ——— are come to such straits that they feel compelled to fall back upon the worn-out jargon of protection, we may rest assured it is a sham. Beware of wolves in the skins of sheep, ye lambs of members!—"forty feeding like one," as Wordsworth says in his bucolic. Beware, ye innocents—beware!

Do our readers believe that consideration for the artistic claims of Mr. H. C. Cooper had anything whatever to do with his recently contemplated elevation to the post of leader, side by side with M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove? If so, they must be *very* credulous. We have a higher opinion of their shrewdness. They believe nothing of the kind. M. Sainton's retirement from the Queen's private band (where he has been replaced by a fantastic Hungarian patriot) was an act too bold and independent ever to be forgotten in quarters it would be superfluous to name. M. Sainton's retirement from the band of the Philharmonic Society would hardly have astonished some or displeased others. But the secession of Mr. Blagrove was not reckoned on, was never, indeed, even suspected. Mr. Blagrove, nevertheless, like his comrade from the South of France, declines either to sit at a third desk, or to play at a second desk under Mr. Cooper. And so both Englishman and Frenchman have withdrawn with their fiddles.

Into the question of the respective merits of Messieurs Sainton, Blagrove, and Cooper (Blagrove, Sainton, and Cooper—Cooper, Sainton, and Blagrove—Blagrove, Cooper, and Sainton—Cooper, Blagrove, and Sainton—or Sainton, Cooper, and Blagrove) we are not disposed to enter. We wish only to protest, first, against the unsoundness of the policy which has led to these disastrous results (for they are nothing short of disastrous), and second, against the still unsound policy of splitting the post of honour into three, and dividing its duties among three professors. Of the "native talent" cry we are sick. To argue against it would be waste of ink. But the ill consequences arising from a plurality of leaders or conductors has been demonstrated again and again.

Why was the system of changing the conductor at every concert abandoned? Why was the inevitable antagonism between leader and conductor, when both were presumed to exercise authority, done away with by dispensing with the leader? The abuses had become so notorious that a radical change was inevitable. To return once more to the ancient system would be unpardonable, after the immense advantages derived from its abolition. And yet this idea of appointing three leaders—or rather, three *chefs d'attaque*, since the office of leader is virtually extinct—can only be viewed in the light of a retrograde movement. The secession of two such players as M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove from the violins of the Philharmonic band cannot be sufficiently regretted; but even that is better than the alternative. Two *chefs d'attaque* is one too many; three would merely serve to put the conductor to further inconvenience. If such legislation is persisted in, the days of the Philharmonic Society must soon be numbered.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY—THE LAST PICTURE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have seen to-day, for the first time, the new picture in the National Gallery, attributed to Paul Veronese.

As one of the witnesses examined by the "Select Committee on the National Gallery" of 1853, and as one of those who, in 1855, signed the "Protest and Counterstatement" against the report of that committee, I now emphatically protest against the purchase of a picture so bad, and so scoured and repainted as the one in question.

To expend public money on so worthless a picture is not only a gross misapplication of the revenue, but it is also calculated to bring the nation into contempt, as establishing, presumptively, that works of the lowest type are the most congenial to us, and that in selecting even these, we are incompetent to distinguish the genuine from the spurious.

It has been stated officially, that *one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven pounds* were paid for this picture. I will venture to assert that no picture-valuer worthy of credit would appraise it at one-tenth of that sum; but, I repeat, that *at no price* ought it to have been purchased. Even as a *gift* it would not be worth the space it occupies in the National Gallery.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kempton, Feb. 20th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday concerts have been so well attended as to induce the directors to make an addition to the concert room. There is still not anything like room enough, however. Little more than half the visitors on Saturday were accommodated. When the fine season commences, and the Crystal Palace may be expected to attract fifty persons where it now attracts ten, a much larger arena must be found than the present if the concerts are to be continued. The programme of Saturday included the following *morceaux* :—

1. Overture, "Les deux Journées," Cherubini. 2. Solo, violoncello, "Souvenirs des Puritains," Mr. George Collins, Piatini. 3. Sacred song, "Miserere," Miss Palmer, Martini. 4. Overture, "Preciosa," Weber. 5. Songs, Miss Palmer—1. Hunting Song—"Le Lièvre"—Gounod; 2. "Are you angry, Mother?" H. R. Bishop. 6. Symphony in D minor, No 4, R. Schumann.

The audience seemed to prefer the vocal music, and bestowed the greatest share of their applause on Miss Palmer. Dr. Schumann's symphony was certainly "caviare to the multitude," and, after all, we did not find it so superior to that of Mendelssohn as to entitle it to the honour of being performed entire, while Mendelssohn's (the "Italian") was shorn of its first and most elaborate movement.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

ON Friday (the 15th inst.) Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Eli* was produced for the first time in London. Exeter Hall—which might have been anticipated—was crowded, and yet not quite so crowded as we had expected. If report may be credited, the effect of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's concerts has been highly prejudicial to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and even the attraction of Mr. Costa's new work was not powerful enough to wrestle with the absorbing interest they excite.

We need scarcely remind our readers that *Eli* was given at the last Birmingham Festival (in August, 1855), and with a success altogether unparalleled. Such a demonstration as took place on that occasion Mr. Costa can hardly look for again; and his most devoted partisans will not deny that the reception accorded to his oratorio at Exeter Hall was "a very gentle breeze" in comparison. Evidently they manage these things better in Warwickshire.

And yet at the Town Hall, Birmingham, there was no Queen. There were only Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Mason &c. At Exeter Hall, London, were assembled Her Majesty the Queen Victoria, H. R. H. (the distinguished amateur and composer) the Prince Albert, and no less than four of those Royal children destined to be the boasts and blessings of this favoured realm. All these came to hear *Eli*—accompanied, moreover, by the duchessly Duchess of Sutherland, and a *suite* too numerous to mention, and too dazzling to scrutinise curiously—much less with that "anxious polyscopy" bestowed by M. Berlioz upon the "hurried strokes" of our "genial madman," Ludwig van Beethoven.

No sooner had the gorgeous company entered the hall—where seats were prepared for them, in a reserved and barricaded semicircle, at the base of the orchestra, so arranged that the too near contact of Her Majesty's loving subjects was skilfully prevented, and no wind could venture between the illustrious party and its nobility—no sooner had apparitions, so consoling to those who hold stalls, and otherwise frequent "this Vanity Fair of ours," than shouts rent the (rather stifling) atmosphere, and the highly inspiring strains of our venerated National Anthem came forth from the right loyal orchestra of players and singers (in white cravats), and "went up," with as merry a noise as possible. Mad. Rüdersdorff sang the first verse, *solus*, in a manner which the *Athenæum* will most probably designate as "strenuous"—an apt and choice epithet, by the way, of which Mad. Goldschmidt has enjoyed the *prémices*. Mr. Costa then waved his *bâton* to another kind of tune, and *Eli* began, with that subdued and well remembered organ prelude, in F major, which Mr. Brownsmith (on an instrument exclusively gigantic), "roared like any sucking dove"—in other words played to perfection. The rest of the overture, too (which is in another key), went equally well. Indeed the members of the band that night were like men possessed. They did not play quite so well, it is true, as the associated instrumentalists at Birmingham (to do which, indeed, was barely possible); but they played from beginning to end in a style that declared, in the plainest terms

their high respect for Mr. Costa and their boundless admiration for his music. It was pleasant to find a set of "used up" fellows ("used up," we mean, naturally, in reference to their capacity for receiving new musical impressions), so much on the alert—as full of zeal, energy, and unaffected enthusiasm, in short, as if they had been listening for the first time to *Israel in Egypt*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or *Elijah*.

We wish we could record just as much in favour of the chorus-singers. But we have (we are not ashamed to confess it) a sly leaning towards the truth—the naked truth—and the naked truth compels us to say that the execution of the greater part of Mr. Costa's choruses, by the "voices" of the Sacred Harmonic Society, compared with the execution of the same choruses at Birmingham, was (we appeal to Mr. Costa) "as chalk to cheese." Some went well, some very well, others not quite so well, others indifferently well, others indifferently ill, others higgledy-piggledy, and others all to pieces.

The solo singers we can praise more unreservedly. Mad. Rudersdorff (in spite of several moments of "high-pressure" declamation—in plainer terms, of exaggerated emphasis, and so forth) sang on the whole better, or at least with more legitimate effect, than on any previous occasion we can recall. To this lady was entrusted the music of Hannah—the at first barren, and afterwards fruitful, wife of Elkanah, mother of the chosen prophet, Samuel. Miss Dolby undertook Samuel, a *contralto* part with two charming *contralto* songs—a morning prayer and an evening prayer—both of which she sang to perfection. (The representatives at Birmingham of these two personages were Mad. Castellan and Mad. Viardot Garcia—"la divine Pauline.") The very lengthy and invariably slow (as to *tempo*, we mean—we are not alluding to quality) recitatives and airs of Eli, the high priest of the Temple, and guardian of the Ark, were confided to Mr. Weiss, who (without effacing the remembrance of Herr Formes, at Birmingham) delivered them throughout with eminent ability. The music of the other bass part—the "Man of God"—could scarcely have been allotted to a more anxious and competent interpreter than Mr. Thomas, a young singer who advances leisurely but surely on the path to excellence. To the careful manner in which the second (and very insignificant) tenor part was sung by Mr. Montem Smith, an acknowledgment is also due. The finest singing of the evening, however, was undoubtedly that of Mr. Sims Reeves, who, not only in the tremendously arduous and difficult battle-song, "Philistines, hark! the trumpet sounding!" (which is instrumented with strength and fulness enough to have silenced the lungs of Incedon in his prime), distinguished himself highly, but in all the other music of the principal tenor part, which chiefly appertains to the quiet and somewhat tame personage of Alkanah, displayed even more than his accustomed talent.

There were two encores. The first was for Mr. Sims Reeves, in the war song (with chorus) alluded to above; the second for Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Reeves and Mr. Weiss, in the unaccompanied quartet—"We bless you, in the name of the Lord!"—to more exquisitely pure and faultless part-singing than which we never listened.

The performance "went off," as the phrase is, with great spirit. Mr. Costa had a flattering reception, and the applause at the end of each part of the oratorio was received with fresh and increased ardour, the instant the Queen and her distinguished party had retired. At the end there was what is termed "an ovation" in honour of the popular *chef d'orchestre*, who bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment, and in a strongly marked manner (for the second time during the evening) expressed his entire satisfaction with the (instrumental) members of the orchestra.

*Eli* was repeated last night. This second performance will be noticed in our next, when a detailed analysis of the oratorio will be commenced in the page devoted to "reviews."

#### MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.

THE first morning concert of Madame Goldschmidt took place on Monday at the Hanover Square Rooms. The attendance was very large, every seat, reserved and unreserved, being occupied. The pieces selected by Madame Goldschmidt on this occasion were not so generally exacting as those at the last evening concert. Moreover, she sang in two duets, so that her fatigues were light in comparison. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr. Air, "Ave Maria," Mr. Swift (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Lazarus), Cherubini. Scene and Aria, "Non mi dir," Mme. Goldschmidt (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart. Concerto (D minor), Pianoforte, Mr. O. Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn. Air, "Oh del mio dolce adore," Miss Dolby, (*Stradella*). Duo, "Per piacer alla Signora," Mme. Goldschmidt and Sig. F. Lablache (*Il Turco in Italia*), Rossini.

Part II. Overture, "Euryanthe," C. M. v. Weber. Air, "Quando lascia la Normandia," Mme. Goldschmidt (*Roberto*), Meyerbeer. Romanza, "Deserto sulla terra," Mr. Swift (*Il Trovatore*), Verdi. Duo, "La Mère Grand," Mme. Goldschmidt and Miss Dolby, Meyerbeer. Tarantelle, pianoforte solo, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Thalberg. Songs, "My heart the Æolian harp resembles," Benedict, and "Invitation to dance," Dalecarlian Melody, Mme. Goldschmidt. Wedding March (*Midsummer's Night Dream*), Mendelssohn.

Of the *morceaux* sung by Madame Goldschmidt, we preferred the air from *Roberto il Diavolo*, and liked the song from *Don Giovanni* the least. The latter was given first, and the great singer—as is generally the case with her in the concert room\*—had not warmed herself into the enthusiasm which is so marked a characteristic of her singing. There was a want of abandon, of which, in her best moments, no one can ever accuse Madame Goldschmidt. In short, "Non mi dir" created but little sensation; and no doubt some who heard the "Nightingale" for the first time, must have felt disappointed. In Rossini's sparkling duet, on the other hand, she displayed a fund of animation, and a perfect command of voice. Madame Goldschmidt's comic vein is not of the genuine Italian humour; nevertheless, it is hearty, and like all she does, *original*. She was well supported in the duet by Signor F. Lablache, who sings Rossini's music with no small ease and *laissez aller*. The graphic scene, however, from Meyerbeer's opera, was, as we have hinted, the "gem" of the concert. This, it may be remembered, was Jenny Lind's first triumph in England, when, in 1847, she appeared at Her Majesty's theatre, as Alice, and spell-bound the English public by the witchery of her voice and singing. Alice was Jenny Lind's dramatic masterpiece, and no vocalist has ever approached her in the scene of the caverns. So far as singing went, the Madame Goldschmidt of 1856 gave us no reason to bewail the Jenny Lind of 1847. A more exquisitely finished and brilliant performance we never heard on or off the stage. Meyerbeer's

\* On the stage Jenny Lind was never apathetic. She was as full of fire and energy in her first scene as in any other part of her performance.



concert-duet is dramatic and full of character. It was sung perfectly by both ladies, our fair countrywoman, Miss Dolby, appearing to no disadvantage by the side of her illustrious partner. The duet, which is written with a pianoforte accompaniment, was admirably played by Mr. Benedict. The two songs which Madame Goldschmidt gave immediately in succession were both delightful—the one refined, the other exquisitely natural. Mr. Benedict's song is charming. The "Invitation to Dance" is a wild and simple "peasant's-tune," which Madame Goldschmidt sang with extraordinary vigor and effect, accompanying herself, and terminating the concert with immense *céleste*.

Miss Dolby was irreproachable in Stradella's gloomy song; and Mr. Swift confirmed the favourable impression he derived from his performance at the last evening concert. This gentleman's voice is a gift of which he should be conceited and endeavour to turn to the very best account.

The second pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn is one of the most difficult ever written, the last movement particularly. Herr Otto Goldschmidt exhibited as usual his predilection for the best music in his choice of it, and played his very best. The *Tarantella* of M. Thalberg was just as spirited in another style. Herr Goldschmidt was much applauded.

The band, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, executed the two overtures and the march of Mendelssohn with remarkable vigour.

#### AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The programme of the concert on Monday evening was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in G, letter Q, Haydn; \*madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed," A.D. 1560, Richard Edwards; \*part-song, "Departure," Mendelssohn; concertante for two violins, Messrs. Ries and J. D. Pawle, Kalliwoda; overture (*The Men of Prometheus*), Beethoven.

PART II.—Overture (*The Sleeper awakened*), G. A. Macfarren; madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," (about A.D. 1600), Wilbye; \*part-song (by desire), "The wreath," Benedict; march, from *Athalie*, Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

On the whole the performance was a creditable one, and went off with considerable spirit. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir deserve most honourable mention for their charming singing, which was thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who vociferously encored three out of their four *morceaux* (distinguished by "stars" in the programme). The piece which was *not* encored more-over—the lovely and very difficult madrigal of Wilbye—merited the compliment as well as any of the others, since it was quite as well executed. We may as well suggest to the band how very much more effective their playing would be, if they would determine to follow the good example set them by the choir, and make a greater difference between *pianos* and *fortes* than they are in the habit of doing. They also want clearness, and this is only to be attained by constant practice and strict attention to the directions of their conductor. We grant that the orchestra is improving; but as the members are capable of still better things, we do not hesitate to give advice, even though it may be unpalatable. The duet for violins was capitally played by Messrs. Ries and J. D. Pawle.

The room was crowded, and the audience was as the amateur audience usually is.

The next concert will take place on March 3rd. This may almost be called "An Evening with the Directors of the Amateur Musical Society," since there is to be a song by Mr. Alfred Pollock; a solo for oboe, with orchestral accompaniment, by Mr. S. W. Waley; a trio, "Memory," by Mr. Henry Leslie; a march by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald; and two songs by Mr. Val. Morris. In addition, Madlle. Angelina is to play Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, in which she made so great a sensation last season; and there is to be a symphony by Mozart, and one of the light and brilliant overtures of Auber.

MR. BALFE AND MR. BUNN.—The report that these two gentlemen are engaged together in the composition of a new opera is unfounded.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, not content with his dramatic speculation, or not pleased with its results, has ventured upon a series of operatic representations, the first of which took place on Monday night, when the *Bohemian Girl* was attempted. Mr. Anderson can hardly be taxed with an eager desire to "revive English opera." That he has not been actuated by any strong sympathy for the cause of music was shown in the result. The music of the *Bohemian Girl* was mutilated *ad libitum*; the orchestra was very inefficient; the chorus worse. Professor Anderson evidently views music with the eye of a necromancer.

To speak of the performance of Balfe's popular opera would be, in Johnsonian phrase, "To waste criticism on unresisting imbecility." With the exception of Mr. Henry Haigh, who sang the music of Thaddeus extremely well, and was twice encored in "When other lips," and Mr. Farquharson, who displayed excellent comic humour in Devilshoof, we can find nothing to praise. Miss Lucy Escott was out of sorts; and we have seldom heard a less competent Arline. It is due to Mr. Loder, the conductor, to state that he had no hand in the "curtailments."

Mr. Haigh has also appeared, with Miss Lucy Escott, Mr. Durand, etc., in the *Sonnambula* (English version, of course).

#### MEYERBEER AND HIS OPERAS.\*

I AM acquainted with no study more interesting than that of the phases of the talent of a great artist. There is no investigation more useful for the direction of a young man, entering upon his career, with the sentiments and instincts of art, but not yet capable of appreciating his own qualities, or distinguishing those by which he may obtain a conspicuous position. Beginners, however, do not trouble themselves about this, for all they know of their model is the works which have immortalised him. None of them inquire through what gradations he has passed before producing these works; none of them are aware by what transformations of ideas and opinions he has renounced successively his original tendencies, and sacrificed what he at first borrowed from the formulas of others, previous to retiring within the limits of his own individuality, and developing that principle of his own faculties which was destined to form the distinctive characteristic of his talent. Excited by *amour-propre*, every young composer wishes to be a Beethoven, a Meyerbeer, or a Mozart, such as he knows them in their finest works, and whispers complacently to himself that he equals, because he imitates, them.

There is one incontestable truth evident to any person gifted with the power of observation: no man possesses great and sterling talent at the outset of his career; the finest productions of an artist are those of his mature age and the results of his experience. This rule has no exception. Raphael and Mozart seem to disprove it; but the contradiction is simply an apparent one, for these great men, having commenced creating from their very infancy, passed through, in their youth, those transformations which others undergo only at a riper age. The first instincts of Raphael led him to imitate the Greek painters of the fourteenth century; he then became the pupil and imitator of Perugino, and, when he was fifteen, produced pictures scarcely to be distinguished from those of his master. At the age of seventeen, he modified his style, and, in the picture of a "Holy Family," executed by him at Fermo, with a signature placing the date of the picture beyond doubt, already displayed that sentiment of ineffable grace which charms us in all his Madonnas, and is the most absolute characteristic of his individuality, although the study of the antique, and the sight of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," subsequently developed in him that feeling of grandeur which we admire in all his works in the apartments of the Vatican, in his "St. Paul preaching at Athens," and in his magnificent cartoons, so well known to artists. It was at the time of executing these grand pictures that he attained the highest degree of his sublime talent, and manifested his power by two transcendent qualities: force of sentiment and originality. At that epoch it was that he ceased to live, and, for him, old age was thirty-seven years. Mozart did, when he was seven, what others can scarcely do when they are twenty-five. Hardly had he entered on his fourteenth year, when he wrote his first opera, *Mitridate*, successfully produced at Milan, and followed by four other dramatic works, not less successful at other Italian theatres. He then followed the tracks which had been previously opened by other celebrated artists; but, in spite of his success, did not cease to study;

\* Translated from the French of M. Fétis.

his individual feelings gradually developed themselves, finally supplanting those traditional ones which had first occupied their place. Lastly, at the age of twenty-four, a complete transformation took place in this great man's talent, and was displayed in *Idomeneo*, an admirable creation, played at Munich in 1780. The principle that had produced this work was subsequently strengthened by study and meditation, and his genius, being fully developed six years later, gave birth to the immortal *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Juan*. Mozart reached his thirty-sixth year and died, after accomplishing during his short life all the revolutions which the talent of others experiences only in a long existence.

These modifications of thought and talent distinguish the history of all great artists. It is true of Händel and Gluck, the first of whom was not in possession of all the strong and original qualities of his talent before he had attained a mature age, and the reformer of the French opera not before he was an old man. This was, also, the case with Beethoven, who, burying in oblivion the productions of his early youth, would only recognise as his first work the set of three trios, for piano, violin, and violoncello, published when he was twenty-eight. In this work, as in all those which followed it for several years, Beethoven was still influenced, without being aware of the fact, by his exclusive admiration of Mozart. This is evident in the form if not the ideas of his productions. Gradually, the artist became more conscious of his own powers; he studied them; he meditated over them; but, to effect the complete development of his talent, he sketched out all his works, wrote down all his thoughts in little books which he carried constantly with him, subjected them to a thousand transformations of modes, harmony, and rhythm, and never ceased submitting them to partial or total ameliorations, until they at last satisfied the pure sentiment of the Beautiful with which he was vaguely animated, and which only assumed a distinctive character by long and continuous labour.

To these instances of progressive transformation of talent and ideas, we must add that of Meyerbeer. From the time that he was eighteen, when he produced, at Munich, his first dramatic work, entitled *Jephtha's Daughter*, every part of his talent has undergone a radical modification. Like the great artists I have mentioned, Meyerbeer, also, sought to know himself for a long time, meditated much, and, comparing in the course of his studies the paths followed by his predecessors, never ceased striving to enter that in which his individuality might be entirely developed. On his arrival in Italy, he found that country intoxicated with the melodies of Rossini, and, probably without being aware of it, was influenced by the general infatuation. This is the epoch of his first transformation, for, freeing himself gradually from the trammels of his education, which was completely German, and in some degree opposed to the Italian music of the day, he took a liking for the new forms by which Rossini caused the works of his predecessors to be forgotten, and greeted Ausonian ears with a description of harmony to which they had previously been strangers. Rossini had just effected a sort of compromise between Italy and Germany, by inspiring the first with a taste and a craving for the harmony in which the other was so fertile, and by teaching Germany that the concessions made to the necessity felt by Italians for melody were no obstacle to richness of harmony. Meyerbeer was probably the first German artist of his time to perceive what novelty might result from this union. His opera of *Romilda e Constanza*, written in 1818, at Padua, for the celebrated singer, Signora Pisaroni, was his first step in the new route on which he had just entered. The *Seniramide Riconosciuta*, produced at Turin, in 1819, and *Emma di Resburgo*, represented at Vienna the following year, and enthusiastically received, marked more and more the reform in the opinions and ideas of the composer. *Marguerita d'Anjou*, produced at Milan, in 1822, and *Enle di Granata*, sung by Lablache and Signora Pisaroni, the following year, did not display any new modification in Meyerbeer's talent; but the *Crociato*, first brought out at the theatre De la Fenice, at Venice, in the month of December, 1825, and afterwards applauded in all the theatres of Italy, proved that the composer's talent had become matured, and that certain highly interesting qualities of composition were now added to the forms of Italian melody and a system of harmony already bearing the impress of a freer fancy.

After this success, which was bruited abroad all over Europe, Meyerbeer returned to Paris, where he had previously resided for various periods, and whither, there is reason to believe, he had already turned his thoughts, with a view to more important works and more significant results. It was at this time that he became better acquainted with Scribe, who undertook to write him a work of grand proportions. Whatever may have been, up to that epoch, the merit displayed in the productions of the composer, we may be allowed to say that he was still seeking to know himself. A secret instinct told him that the com-

plete development of his individuality would only be the result of a new principle, for a principle is a whole world. A principle, without doubt, is not genius; but it is more: it is the source of ideas—the medium with which the imagination is tinged. Several reasons, and, in the first place, a wish to be brief, prevent me from stating how this principle was revealed to Meyerbeer; the important point, however, is that it was revealed to him.

His marriage, family annoyances, and his bad state of health, compelled him to put off the realization of his idea of writing a French opera, and the result was that his labours were interrupted for a considerable time. This period of repose was not lost, for it was then that serious meditations and a powerful impulse communicated to the dramatic sentiment of the artist, led him to enter that path in which he has since rendered himself illustrious. The six years following the representation of the *Crociato*—six years of study, observation, and analysis—had at last united, in one complete whole, all the sentiments of energy implanted by Nature in Meyerbeer's soul, all the novelty with which daring invests men's ideas, all the elevation which the philosophy of the art lends to style, and, lastly, all the certainty with regard to the effects he desires to produce, which mechanical experience gives an artist. The result of all this was *Robert le Diable*, represented at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, in the month of November, 1831, and, since then, played, with universal applause, in every place where there are a theatre and persons to sing.

(To be continued.)

MDLLE. RACHEL.—The illustrious tragedian has reached New-York, en route for France via England.—(Times correspondence.)

PICCO.—Our readers may have observed among our "Notices to Correspondents," the following:—"We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a card from Mr. Gay, 'Director of Picco.' We confess to having been in the 'dark' as to the meaning of the words, 'Director of Picco.'" On Thursday afternoon, however, the mystery was unravelled by Professor Anderson, the "nigromancer," at Covent Garden Theatre. "Picco" is a man, and "the Sardinian Minstrel" is his synonyme. Picco is twenty-five years of age, and has been blind from his birth. He plays upon an instrument, and its synonyme is "Tibia." This "Tibia" is in length three inches, in shape a whistle, and it has three holes in the tube. Upon this curious or rather common piece of machinery, to our great surprise, "Picco" performed a *fantasia* or medley of popular airs (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Lejeune) in which the most rapid scales and *bravura* passages were executed with astonishing facility, to say nothing of delicacy, taste, and feeling. The tone "Picco" produces is between that of a flageolet and *flauto* "Picco"-lo—at times somewhat shrill, at others as soft and *suave* as possible. Altogether, "Picco" is a most ingenious fellow, considering the means he has at command. The "Sardinian Minstrel" will no doubt become popular during the season. His talent is peculiar, his instrument peculiar, and his appearance extremely prepossessing.

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